Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some ſay that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dares ſtirre abroad,
The nights are wholſome; then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it:
But looke, the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to us will ſpeake to him.
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt convenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his ſonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointreſſe to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auſpicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your

Your better wiſdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſ-joint, and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dreame of his advantage,
He hath not faild to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of Law,
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſineſſe is, We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe delated Articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, & all things will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: what wouldſt thou beg *Laertes*?
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking.
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy Father:
What wouldſt thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to *France*,